

**Win at first, lose at last; or, a New Game at Cards;**  
 Wherein the King recovered his Crown and Traitors lost their heads.  
 To the Tune of, Yee Gallants that delight to play.



**Y**ee merry hearts that love to play  
 At Cards, see who hath won the day.  
 You that once did sadly sing,  
 The Knave oth' Clubs hath won the King,  
 Now more happy times ye have,  
 The King hath overcome the Knave,  
 The King hath overcome the Knave.

Not long ago a Game was playd,  
 When three Crowns at the stake was layd,  
 England had no cause to boast,  
 Knaves won that which Kings had lost,  
 Coaches gave the way to Carts,  
 And Clubs were better Cards than Hearts.  
 And clubs, &c.

Old Noll was the Knave oth' Clubs,  
 And Dad of such as Breach in Tubs:  
 Bradshaw, Ireton and Pride,  
 Were their other Knaves beside,  
 And they playd with half the Pack,  
 Throwing out all cards but black,  
 Throwing out, &c.

But the just Fates threw these four out,  
 Which made the Lovall party shout.  
 The Pope would fain have had the Stock,  
 And with these Cards have wip'd his Deed,

But soon the Devil these Cards snatches,  
 To dip in brimstone and make matches,  
 To dip in, &c.

But still the sport for to maintain,  
 Lambert, Hasleridge, and Vane,  
 And one cy'd Hewson, took their places,  
 Knaves were better Cards than Aces,  
 But Fleetwood hee himself did save,  
 Because hee was more Fool than Knave.  
 Because, &c.

Cromwell, though he so much had won,  
 Yet hee had an unlucky Son:  
 He sits still and not regards  
 Whilst cunning Gamblers set the Cards,  
 And thus away, goes little Dick,  
 He playd a while, but lost the trick,  
 He playd, &c.

The Rumpers that had won whole Tons,  
 The sports of Petres, and a Crew as:  
 Were not contented but a row rough,  
 As though they had not more enough,  
 They kept the Cards still in their hands,  
 To play for Tythes, and Colledge Lands,  
 To play, &c.

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The Presbyters began to fret,  
 What they were like to lo'se the set,  
 Unto the Rump they did appeal,  
 And said it was their turns to deal,  
 When dealt the Presbyterians, but  
 The Army swore, that they would cut.  
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The Forrain Lands began to wonder,  
 To see what Gallants wæll'd under.  
 What they which Christmæsse did for wear  
 Should follow Gameing all the year,  
 Nay more, which was the strangest thing,  
 To play so long without a King,  
 To play, &c.

The bold Phanaticks present were,  
 Like Butlers with their boxes there,  
 Not doubting, but that every Game  
 Some profit would's redound to them.  
 Because they were the Gamblers Platons,  
 And every day broach'd new Opinions.  
 And every, &c.

But Cheshire men (as Stoxes say)  
 Began to shew them Gamblers play.  
 Brave Booth, and all his Army scribes,  
 To save the Rakes, or lose their lives.  
 But Oh sad fate! they were undone,  
 By playing of their cards too soon,  
 By playing, &c.

Thus all the while a Club was Trump,  
 There's none could ever beat the Rump,  
 Until the Noble General came  
 And gave the Cheaters a clear Name,  
 His finger in his ear, for their noddy,  
 And scow'd up poor Jack Lamberts body,  
 And scow'd, &c.

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Then Hafilrig began to scowl.  
 And to the General plaid soul,  
 Look to him Partners, for I tell y<sup>e</sup>,  
 This Monk hath got a King in's belly,  
 Not so, quoth Monk, but I beleever,  
 Sir Arthur has a Knave in's sleeve,  
 Sir Arthur, &c.

Then General Monk did understand  
 The Rump were paying into's hand,  
 Hee wisely kept his Cards from sight,  
 Which put the Rump into a fright,  
 Hee saw how many were betray'd,  
 That shew'd their Cards before they play'd,  
 That shew'd, &c.

At length, quoth hee, some Cards we lack,  
 I will not play with half a pack,  
 What you cast out, I will bring in,  
 And a new game we will begin;  
 With that the Standers by did say,  
 They never yet saw fairer play,  
 They never, &c.

But presently this game was past,  
 And for a second Rakes were cast,  
 All new Cards, not stat'd with spots,  
 As was the Rumpers and the Scots,  
 Here good Gamblers play'd their parts  
 They turn'd up the King oth' Hearts,  
 They turn'd, &c.

After this Game was done, I thinke  
 The Standers by had cause to digne.  
 And the Royal Subjects sing,  
 Farewell Rakes, and welcome King,  
 For till we saw the King return'd,  
 Wee wish'd the Cards had all been burn'd,  
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